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BY THE GRACE OF GOD

HARRIET FOOTE HAWLEY

LIVED A HELPFUL LIFE

BRAVE TENDER AND TRUE

A SOLDIER AND SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST

BORN JUNE 25<sup>TH</sup> 1831 - DUFFORD CONN.

DIED MARCH 2, 1886 AT WASHINGTON DC

TO HER MEMORY

OF THE REV. H. H. CONNORRICK

PLACED THIS TABLET



HARRIET WARD FOOTE HAWLEY

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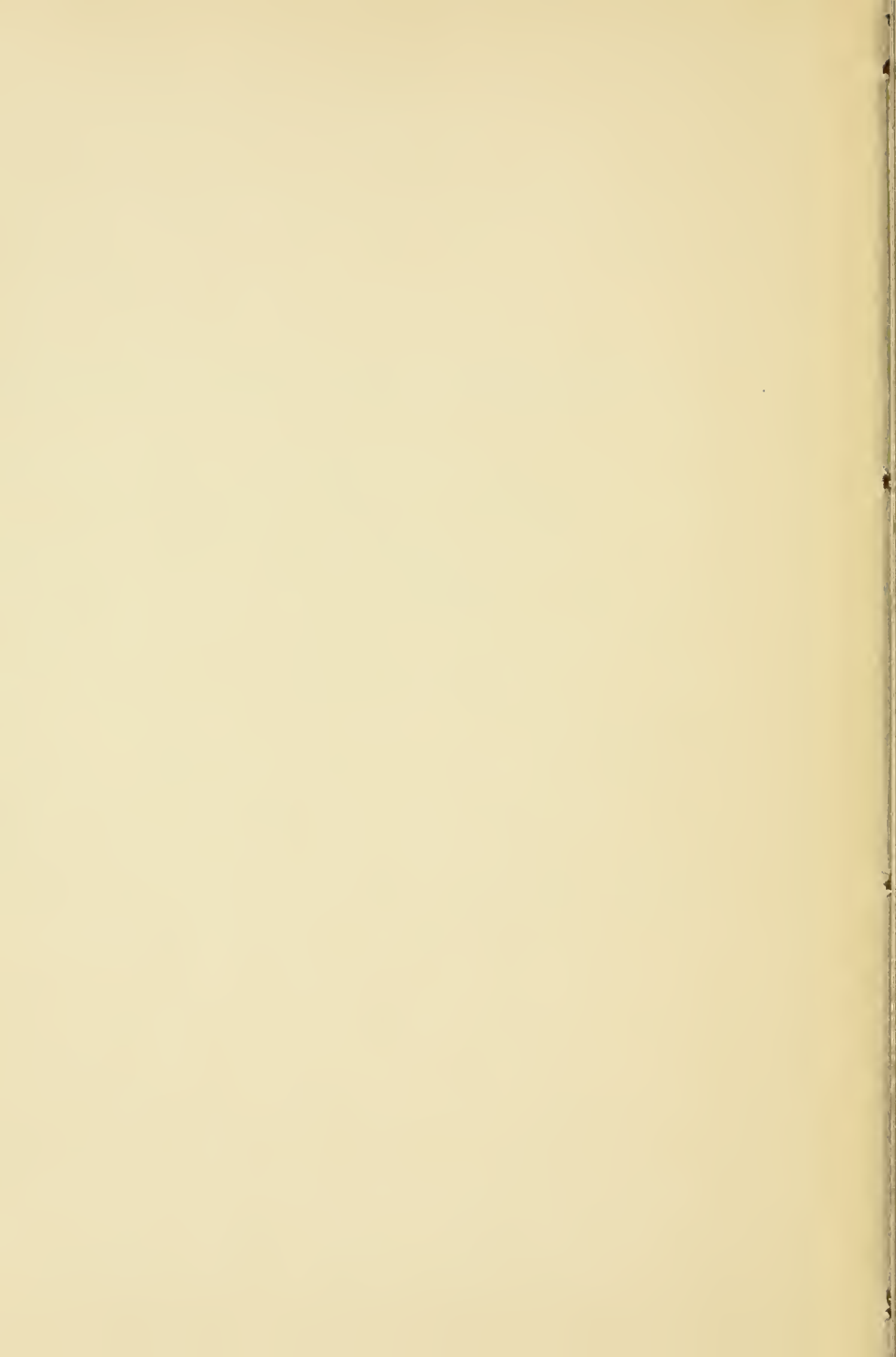
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This book is prepared chiefly for the nieces and nephews of Harriet Foote Hawley, but also for those of us who remember her.

Parts of it are written by a devoted friend, Miss Maria Huntington, and parts by a younger sister, Miss Kate Foote.

Of course, it is not possible to make clear the whole nobility and strength of her character. To have nursed the wounded in a city filthy and smitten with pestilence, was picturesquely heroic; but to the homely every-day heroisms which made the other possible, one cannot do justice. The persistent self-denials, the making over of old clothes, in order to be able to give generously, were small means to great ends. To practice little unending economies and not belittle the soul thereby, requires a character of as fine and spirited a temper as a Damascus blade, which can cut a hair or pierce steel. "She was one of the most Christian souls that ever sojourned among us."

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Harriet Ward Foote was the oldest of ten children, born in Guilford, Connecticut, on a New England farm—one of those rocky hillsides of which the natives say a man must own two hundred acres at least, or he will starve to death.

Her position as oldest of the flock developed early her strong will and active brain, and made her loss to the rest of her family something like the death of a mother. She was motherly to three young brothers who were her next cares, she welcomed the birth of a sister later on with great joy and immediately began taking care of her, so completely and thoroughly that the child was not always clear in the early part of her life as to which was her mother and which her sister.

At the little district school where she went with her brothers there was the "bully," the boy who leads in all the naughty things, who is a terror to the smaller children and is regarded with mingled admiration and dislike

by the other boys according to caprice of favor or hatred. One day during the noon recess the other big boys turned upon this fellow for something he had done, banded against him and when he chased them all into the school house, they locked the door against him and would not let him in. The fellow had a really fiendish temper and it was aroused now to its fullest height and he battered on the door, shrieking language which curdled their blood and which made even the boys recoil and gather in a group at the back of the room. Harriet was one of the older girls, nearly fourteen. She said, "this has gone on long enough," and catching hold of one of the little girls, her sister, about four years old, she unfastened the door and the raging creature outside found himself confronted by a girl and a baby. Her calmness, the contrast to what he had expected when he heard the key in the door, quieted him in a moment, and when she said: "you may come in," he came. A few minutes later when the teacher arrived there were the marks of a fearful pounding upon

the door, and a feeling as if the air vibrated still from spent thunder, but there was apparent calm, and I doubt if he ever knew what a quarrel there had been.

In the spring of 1854 she met Joseph R. Hawley in Hartford at the house of Mr. John Hooker. The acquaintance terminated in an engagement, and in the winter of 1855, December 25th, they were married at her home in Guilford. He had begun the profession of the law but became one of the editors of the Hartford Evening Press soon after he was married. They lived quietly and simply in Hartford until the breaking out of the war. She warmly approved of his enlisting, as he did, among the first in Hartford. He was ordered to New Haven to the encampment there, and she did all the work of closing up their housekeeping, renting their modest house and preparing to go home to Guilford. She wrote to him in New Haven :

“I can never be sorry you have taken the step you have. Terrible as it is I am glad I can do something. If I could only go too I should be happy.”

Writing of a brother just enlisted, she said :

“ He is the best and the dearest, but I believe in no half sacrifice. Give God the best and all : we women have to do the giving though we cannot do the fighting.”

Captain Hawley's first enlistment was for three months, which was thought to be long enough for the settlement of the trouble between the Northern and Southern States. But both sides were made of strong stuff, and it took longer to decide that there should be no break in the links that held together the Federal Union, and also to wipe out the moral stain of African slavery in a great republic.

She wrote of the re-enlistment for three years, which greater foresight now demanded :

“ I am glad that you intend to fight out the war. It is what I supposed you would do. A good captain, such as I know you must be by this time, must be able to do more good there than here.”

Many extracts from her letters to her husband while he was south, follow.

“ You have come back to me safely once, so I think you may again. *Then* I was sure you would not and

I could suffer but little more in your actual death than I did then. It was not that I felt any less sure of God's loving care for you than I do now, but that I could not tell what might seem best to Him. Neither can I now, but my stronger health gives me more hope for happiness in this life, and in any event I have your mother and father to take care of and love, beside my own. I can't tell you, darling, how those few words on the edge of your last long loving letter affected me. But you did not really think you *needed* to remind me to care for your parents and that they are "growing old" did you? If you were killed I should make a home for them somewhere—wherever they might choose, and live with them all the rest of their lives, for I know they love me and I could make them happy."

"You were right in saying in one of your letters that I was 'with you constantly.' It is true and in no ordinary sense of the words. It seems sometimes as if I were with you even as the spirits of the dead are, I believe, constantly about us."

At this time Fremont, whom the North had trusted enthusiastically, had shown himself both incapable and unwise and had been superseded by Halleck in command in Missouri. He had forbidden all fugitive slaves

coming into his camps. Cameron had made a discouraging and disheartening speech in New York—and she writes :

“I pray for patience. God will set the black man right sometime, and I know this nation will never be any better or greater than it is now, if it does not do its part in the work.”

“God made of one blood all the nations upon earth. That was at the beginning and in the old world. I believe that at the end and in this new world all nations will yet be mingled in one blood—make one nation of nobler men and women than this earth has yet seen.”

“I’m growing a little discouraged about the war in spite of Charleston’s being burnt up—if it is. It does seem as if the government never would take the right stand and I’m afraid all these bills which are being brought into Congress, good as they are, won’t amount to anything. However, *God reigns*. Why all this fuss is made about providing a place for the Negroes to go to—colonization and nobody knows what not—I can’t see. There has been room enough for them in the country I believe and for some more judging from the constant efforts of the South to import more, and though Freedom is said to make a man better I never heard of its making him any larger. They have been able to earn their own and their mas-

ter's living as chattels, they can hardly do less as men. If all the wiseacres in the country had known, forty years ago, how many thousand ignorant Irish and Germans were coming to this country they would have been just as clamorous for 'bills' and 'laws' to protect themselves and to provide a place for these people to settle in. Fortunately, they did not know it, and the Irish and Germans have been left to themselves and have taken care of themselves and done a great deal of hard work for us. The slaves are not, as a body, more ignorant or wicked than these others, and why our government, now that it has the power, can't do its simple duty and let the Negroes take care of themselves after they are freed, I can't see."

In the winter of 1861 her husband, stationed at Port Royal, had written that it might be possible for her to join him: other officers were to have their wives go out to them. She answered:

"If the generals do not want women 'round, as I should think might be very likely, I can give it up entirely; I *won't* come merely to please myself; it won't be half as hard to give it up as to let you go at first—nor half as hard as to feel that I had coaxed you against your better judgment, and that I am a care to you there instead of a comfort."

The regiment went into active service and she did not go. In early 1862, she wrote :

“ You must not think I’m grumbling when the longing, homesick feeling will break out sometimes. I know you feel it at times ; and I do not know how you would bear it if you had not better work than I have. I do not mean to undervalue women’s work. You know I like to sew and I am glad to do anything, if it is only making a collar, to make the girls and mother happier, but I can’t help feeling when I’m doing these things that I throw a great deal more strength and energy into the work than things are worth. I *must* work, and work steadily and hard, I can’t live without it, but I should like to feel that I was doing some real good to somebody. If I were sure of my health I would ‘compass Heaven and Earth’ to get some situation as nurse *somewhere* for the poor fellows who are spending their lives for us. It makes me sick to think that I can do nothing ; to think how we are going quietly on here at home when our best and bravest are suffering and dying,—and the good cause goes on so slowly. I am not sure that I can bear it much longer—but I suppose I shall not do anything more desperate than knit a few pairs of stockings for the volunteers.”

She wrote of a lecture given by Rev. H. W. Beecher in Hartford in January, 1862,—it was a stormy night and a small audience.

“ I never heard him speak so well, so solemnly and earnestly. Of course the subject was the times—‘ Our Past and Future,’ and his condensation of the whole subject of slavery, its history, its introduction by sufferance into the Constitution, its influence, its silent and deadly revolution by *construction* of all our laws—till at the last Presidential election the culminating point was reached and an external and visible revolution either by the North or by the South became inevitable—was fine. I wish every soldier in our army could hear it.”

March 12, 1862. “ By the next week you will be at work on Fort Pulaski I suppose. Your last letter was intensely interesting, but it amused me to see you scold father and ‘ all your northern correspondents,’ for being low-spirited and declare that you had never been happier in your life than since November 7th ; when your letter before that had been so terribly blue—the most so of anything I had read in a great while. The fact is, you’re pretty much like the rest of the world. *Every* body loses hope a little sometimes, only one-half the world [like you] as soon as it is over declares it is no such thing, and they always knew everything would turn out right. The other

half won't own that they feel any better when it is all over and 'know things are *going* to be very bad.'"

March 19, 1862. "Our victories are coming along pretty fast now: Island No. 10, and Newbern yesterday. We are getting to think the papers very stupid when there is no victory."

This winter she was in especially miserable health but she says:

"Do not be anxious about me, I take care of myself for your sake. You may have a healthy wife when you come home!"

"I'm so sick of the newspaper's 'scold' that I'm threatening getting up an Anti-Grumbling Society."

April 15, 1862. "I'm making up my mind pretty decidedly that you won't be killed in this war, but will come home to a bigger fight here. There will be a thousand times more need of you here a year hence than there has been anywhere yet. I believe the Lord means to keep you in the world and get a good deal of solid work out of you." "Thank God that you are an honest man. I'd starve in rags or keep an 'Irish boarding house' sooner than that you should buy place or power by giving up one iota of principle. What folly it seems to care for anything but the *right*. This life seems such a short time to do even our duty in."

April 17, 1862. [Mr. Hawley, now Col. of the 7th Conn. Vols. had been on Tybee Island, besieging Fort Pulaski.] "Reliable news at last. The bombardment was commenced on the 10th ; you made two breaches in the wall, shot down the rebel rag, etc., and the Seventh Connecticut took possession of the fort that night. Only one man killed and two wounded on our side. Thank God that this long anxiety is over. It is like waking from a weary dream. Thank God for all such times of comparative rest and relief. Hurrah ! I wanted to cheer on the spot. How I wish I could share all your feelings and thoughts those strange two days and nights ! Especially in taking possession of the fort !"

April 20, 1862. "You say in one of your last [and you spoke of the same thing when you were home] that you 'feel it safest to accustom yourself to an ever present idea that we may not meet again.' *Is* that the wisest way ? Is not that keeping yourself in an unnecessarily depressing atmosphere ? Is it not really a great deal better for us both to be persistently hopeful about everything ? It seems so to me, that this feeling that we may never meet again in life will come of itself quite as often as is best and that we ought to encourage ourselves and each other to look forward to a happier life in this world than we have ever known yet. I think we should be, either of us, strong enough to bear whatever our Father may lay upon

us ; meantime I cannot but think that such a hope is a better atmosphere for our souls than such a despair."

May 14, 1862. "The victories are coming fast ; though it is hard to lose the Gosport Navy Yard and the Merrimac too. Merely the loss of money in this war is something terrible ; but strong arms can soon make up that ; we have not lost books and rare works of art which cannot be replaced. For the lives—God keeps count of those given for justice—for the Right."

June 1st, 1862. "Banks' defeat and retreat seem to me to have been exaggerated. The 5th Connecticut has suffered terribly. Well, my hope doesn't fail, and if it did, my courage and faith would not. But isn't it strange to look back and think of our quiet life together two years ago. I used to wonder how people could live so near a volcano as they do about Vesuvius, but it is just what we did, yet we are only rightly punished by this eruption."

June 15, 1862. [Her family of brothers and sisters, six in number were all sick and she was helping nurse them.] "It is wonderful comfort to find myself of *use*. It is about the greatest comfort the world affords, for Love is not of this world, and O thank God for that—that won't end with this life but grow stronger and purer forever."

June 19, 1862. [News had been received that Mr. Hawley was ordered in front of Charleston.] "I don't

know of anything which would do your soul more good than to have a chance at Fort Sumter. In all the operations of the war I think that is *the* one I should choose to have a part in, so I am glad for you, and I envy you. If it were not so sweet to be your wife I should wish I had been your brother.—I'd a great deal rather be you than me. But O you cannot imagine the devouring anxiety with which I watch and wait, I dare not think—I cannot speak of it, my only resource is work. I pray for you as I never did for myself. I pray for you with tears; not for my part of you, but for God's part."

July 3rd, 1862. "News has just come that McClellan has been defeated after five days hard fighting. Things look black enough. I am glad the President has called for three hundred thousand more men; I wish I could be one of them. The more battles we lose the better for the slaves. I do not believe we shall ever conquer till we proclaim emancipation; and yet I suppose there are people in the world who think President Lincoln knows more than Mrs. Hawley! But I suppose it is not impertinent of me to say that I agree with Sumner."

"I can't help believing that McClellan has been defeated—it takes a good deal of faith in God to bear it. And it seems as if the men had been butchered here almost as badly as your poor boys were on James' Island."

July 13, 1862. [She had been to see some of the Seventh Connecticut boys who had been brought to the New Haven hospital by the surgeon of the regiment.] "It is glorious to see men suffering so and yet so perfectly patient and cheerful. The one who had lost his eye seemed to mind it no more than if it had been an old glove, only that it would prevent his going back, as it was the right eye. Howell seemed to be suffering a good deal, though able to talk. The inflammation in his wound has not subsided sufficiently to allow the extraction of the ball. But Ward looked the worst: his face very much swollen and very painful; he looked very sick indeed, yet he talked more about you and Dr. Bacon than about himself. It was very touching to hear them speak so earnestly and affectionately of you."

July 19, 1862. "Thank God for the good this war brings out in the hearts of men. I think the noblest sight I ever saw was those poor boys of yours in the Hospital. They had got over all the boyish or false enthusiasm they might have had at first—they were *men*—come home to lie on hard pallets and suffer terrible pain and then get up and go their ways maimed for life—yet they were not only calm and patient, but cheerful and talked much more about their colonel than about themselves and their sufferings, and only regretted that they could not go back again."

July 20, 1862. "It is rumored that Halleck is to be made Commander-in-Chief. I cannot help thinking and wondering what result. This is the darkest day we've seen yet since the war began, but it seems to me that it must grow darker. Specie—at least silver money, costs twenty cents on the dollar, gold very nearly as much, and soon it seems to me there must be great financial distress. Thank God the crops are coming in well, so not many will starve, though many may suffer. And in the wonderful tropical growth of human souls in the fierce heat of war, the good still grows faster than the evil, and men will give to the poor and suffering as they never have before ;—so thank God for this too."

"I know now what 'taking no thought of the morrow' means I think ; nothing in my future life seems of much importance now. As long as God lets me live on the earth I shall find enough to do, and as long as I pray to Him he will help me do it, and that's all there is of life—and so 'why mourn we—why make we much ado.'"

She joined her husband in the South in November, 1862.

During her army life I was with her and profited by her coolness, her promptness, her presence of mind which never failed her.

We were at Beaufort, S. C. It was an army post with soldiers everywhere; and rations, and all the necessities of life were to be had, —if you could get them. We were quartered in one of the deserted houses of the town, with little furniture. There were three chairs, which we carried from the parlor to the dining room at meal times and if we had a guest one of us sat on a washstand turned on its side. In the parlor was a settee and a small stand by way of furniture; the muslin curtains and a bracket and vase we had brought ourselves. In one of the back rooms was a mahogany side-board, the panels smashed in by marauding negroes in the hours between the time when the white people fled from Beaufort and the Yankee soldiers marched in. One morning I had accidentally scalded myself frightfully

with a pot of boiling chocolate, and had been laid on the settee in the parlor in the first agonies which come from such an injury. There was no fire and what was worse, no wood, and a South Carolina winter has cold days. Harriet glanced at the empty fire place and went out. A few moments later, she came in, her arms filled with pickets from the fence and pieces of the mahogany sideboard. She had left me groaning in anguish, but when she came back thus laden, I forgot my pain and laughed. She looked at me in amazed incomprehension. She thought only of the necessity of a fire, until I gasped out, "the Colonel's wife—burning up the front fence," and then she laughed with me. That was a good fire.

We acquired a little more furniture by the good will of the quartermaster, to whom all the furniture found in the dismantled houses had been turned over, and who disbursed the articles to officers, as impartially as he could. Sometimes we were lucky enough to find a chair with tarnished gilding and soiled cover

in a negro house, plundered no doubt, though impossible to prove it; if the negro was willing to sell it, there was joy in our hearts such as well furnished people at home could not know. We had acquired in this way, several chairs and a table large enough to seat eight. A friend in a cavalry company shot a wild turkey which he presented to us, and General Terry, the former colonel of the 7th Regiment, came up from Hilton Head to attend a court-martial at Beaufort. The daring thought entered Harriet's mind of giving a dinner party. We counted our plates, we counted our knives and forks and the chairs and looked at the turkey, a beautiful bird with bronzed plumage and ten pounds in weight. "We will do it," said Harriet—we did. That is, she did. She wrestled with an incompetent cook, a plantation hand, who knew how to boil rice and nothing more. The turkey was so large that she also asked the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Peck, missionaries living near us, and situated much as we were. The knives, however, we could not multiply; if we had nine people there

could be no butter knife, neither any for Harriet herself. "Never mind me," said she, "I'll get along somehow."

All went on smoothly. Dr. Peck, white haired and saintly looking asked a stately blessing, over such a civilized looking table that we forgot we were in South Carolina in war times. General Terry carved the turkey, and there was a little pause after we were all helped, pardonable under the circumstances; I think we were all enjoying the sense of a warm delicious meal served with the adjuncts of civilization for the first time after a long period of soldier and camp life. In this pause Harriet suddenly put out a large buck handled *jack knife* to cut a piece of butter for herself. It was a sharp contrast to the elegance which had prevailed. Harriet was not disconcerted.

"Should I give up a dinner party for a mere knife—a thousand times no—not while Joe had a jack knife like that."

The housekeeping was an amusing part of living in the Department of the South always. We had army rations, salt beef, pork, beans,

hard bread, molasses and vinegar, bread from the post bakery, and fresh beef when a supply steamer came down from the north bringing beeves. For six weeks after we first got there no steamer came from the north, so that we had neither news nor beef, and we wondered if the Confederate pirates had captured and sunk our supplies. Besides the things mentioned above, we could usually get sweet potatoes and rice from the negroes, who were always glad to exchange for pork and salt beef. It made the daily routine of house-keeping a sort of adventurous business, liable to episodes. I give incidents as the under current which had to go on at a military post where the bugle call and the roll of the drum were the most familiar sounds and the air was full of the excitement that the active presence of war always brings.

"It was dat sharp dis mawnin' I wore my shawl," said the woman we had for a cook after the man had proved himself an amiable failure. Harriet said nothing, but before the woman went away at night, she examined the

shawl. Hidden away in its folds was a little parcel of tea, and a package of sugar scraped from our supplies.

"I don't quite know what to do," said Harriet, meditatively. "They hardly call it stealing—yet it was hidden, showing she felt that there was something wrong about it. Stealing is a natural result of a slave's life. I will take this, but I will give her some tea and sugar when she goes away as a present, and tell her that she is earning money now and is able to buy things for herself."

The little episode of giving the present was interesting to an on-looker who understood the secret. Harriet's manner was impressive, the black woman's silky, but she comprehended the lesson and I think took the moral to heart. She never sinned in that way again while with us.

The class of negroes we encountered at Beaufort was largely the plantation hands, who were nearer animals than the northern mind could imagine, even when it expected but little. The children wore one article of

clothing made of bagging; with the girls it was a long skirted dress, with the boys a jacket and trousers in one piece. That was all. No underclothes, shoes or cap. A little black boy, about five years old, wandered in one day, we never exactly knew from where, and adopted us. It was like having a small dog with a few anthropomorphic tendencies. He never spoke save when we addresssed him, and then he answered in an ultra negro dialect, which was as incomprehensible as if he had been pure Congo. He smiled, he was glad of food, and he kept out of the way of the cook, while he was always in sight somewhere. At night he crept into the room and curled down, blinked at the fire and slept like a little dog. Harriet felt something touch her feet one evening as we sat near the table in the middle of the parlor talking with some officers who had called. She looked and there the little fellow was, crouched down and nodding with sleep. The pathos of the thing was too much—we were not used to a state of half humanity, which slept anywhere and ate what

was thrown to it, and Harriet induced the Colonel to make inquiries among the black servants that were at the camp of the 7th Connecticut, and some relative was at last found who took him in charge.

Colonel Hawley came in one day from camp and said that Colonel Chatfield of the 6th Connecticut was ordered north, and had offered his house on Bay street to his brother officer, if he would like it. Harriet thought she would. It was in better repair—it was nearer the camp of the 7th Regiment. The Colonel could not leave his duties, but he sent his orderly and the Colonel's man Harris with a cart, and the moving began. It was not like a "moving," at home. We had, with our trunks, exactly two small wagon loads of furniture and we were settled in the new house by noon. The Colonel brought a friend down to supper and we had waffles, baked over an open fire, the waffle-iron having been found stowed under the outside back stairs. Harriet seized it saying, "this is the first best gift to man," and held on to that waffle-iron through

all the chances and changes that befell us afterwards.

The house was much pleasanter than the other, being on the street that overlooked the broad arm of water which sets up from the sea and is not quite a river nor yet a bay. It curved just above us and was bordered with high pines, and the sunsets across the sweep of the water and through the pines were always beautiful. The house was built with a piazza across both stories of the front, a hall through the middle and rooms on either side. That on the right we used as a dining room, and the room behind it we took for a kitchen. All the outbuildings, the kitchens and the slave quarters had disappeared and regiments were encamped within ten yards of our back door. The sentries of a New York Regiment were even nearer and their dress parade was always a pleasant sight from the side windows.

In her letters home she speaks of a horse-back ride.

“ We went some distance back into the island, by the long line of stockade and other fortifications with a wild woodpath which took us by a little deserted church and beautiful graveyard containing the stone tomb of the Baynard family. You may remember Joe telling us in one of his letters a year ago, how the beautiful white Italian marble doors had been broken by the vandals of some — regiment and how the 7th C. V. fearing they might be charged with it, raised the money and sent on to New York, bought new ones and had them put up. We stopped there a few minutes just on the edge of the woods, it was so wild and beautiful; and were reminded of the war by the pickets stationed by the church. Then we went on again through a strange tropical looking wood; partly live oaks and gum trees, but mostly of palmettos, the largest I have seen, strange and foreign looking, and the other trees all wreathed with vines and hung with long trailing moss. We rode through this for a long distance, and then it suddenly opened and through a great grove of tall palmettos and taller pines, we came out upon a smooth, sandy, white beach and the blue waves flashed and glittered and dashed their spray at our horses’ feet.”

“ I go every day to the hospital; there is one quite near the house. There are not many here who are very sick and I do not spend a great deal of time there, indeed I cannot, but I make it a point to take

some little thing to eat and spend an hour or so chatting with the men every day."

"NEW YEAR'S DAY AT BEAUFORT, S. C.

Jan. 1, 1863. If you at the north had half as happy a New Year's day as we in the Southern Department you enjoyed a great deal. I dare say that many of you remembered that it was Emancipation Day—but we *saw* and *felt* it with every breath we drew. Some days ago Gen. Saxton issued the invitation. It would have taken a heavy storm indeed to have kept us from accepting this invitation.

But no morning ever rose more magnificently beautiful, cloudlessly clear and cool and bracing, yet not so cool but that a delicate woman might remain out of doors the whole day. It seemed early when we started for the camp of the black regiment, but many were the bright and happy looking black faces we passed and many the New Year's greetings we received from the owners thereof.

The wharf was already crowded with negroes, gay in their bright clean turbans and their best things generally, and it took some time for the motley and most interesting and amusing multitude to get safely stowed away in Gen. Saxton's little steamer, the *Flora*, which he had kindly offered for the occasion.

The camp being four miles distant from Beaufort and the road a heavy one through the deep sand,

of course the sail down the beautiful river was to be coveted—unless by the happy few who possessed horses.

But the crowd was orderly and quiet and the sail delightful, especially as the band of the 8th Maine gave us music.

Arrived at the landing, the regiment was drawn up to receive us and we were most kindly greeted by Col. Higginson and the other officers—the grand live oaks standing out clear against the southern sky, in the foreground the black soldiers in their bright red trousers and nearer the water groups of negroes of all ages, all styles of costume, their queer made ‘dugouts’ and flatboats crowded with them and the steamer’s boat also filled.

The platform for the speakers was erected a little way back from the shore in a grove of live oaks said to be the most beautiful one on the Island and thither we proceeded.

The principal guests and the ladies being seated, prayer was offered by the Chaplain of the regiment and then the President’s Proclamation was read by Dr. Brisbane, one of the commissioners for the sale of lands, a man who, as Col. Higginson said, having in his early manhood given freedom to his own slaves, it seemed fitting should now in his maturer years be permitted to read the tidings of freedom to others.

A beautiful stand of colors was then presented to the regiment by Mr. French in a very neat and earnest speech on behalf of friends in New York, and as Col. Higginson received the unfurled banner in his hand and turned to reply, a single quavering voice, evidently that of an aged negro, burst out into the song 'America:'

" My Country, 'tis of thee  
Sweet Land of Liberty."

Instantly other voices among them joined in,—the audience on the platform, much moved, would have joined also, but waving his hand and saying 'leave them to themselves,' Col. Higginson silenced us and the song went on swelling louder and fuller till the whole regiment had joined and all the great crowd also. Tears filled many eyes around me—for myself I could hardly check the sobs, as I thought, for the first time *now* they have a country; it is to them now a Land of Liberty.

When they had finished, Col. Higginson spoke most eloquently though he said that words seemed weak and useless after such an answer as had been already given. He had heard many songs sung in camp in the six weeks he had been with them—but never this—they could not sing it before, for they never *had* a country before. All their songs had been sad, almost touching minor strains, speaking the

suppressed sadness born of ages of oppression, and he repeated a verse of which I can recall but a line or two:—

“ I know de moon rise and I know de star rise,  
O mourners, lay my body down,—  
I know de moon rise and I know de star rise  
I want to get to Jordan to lay dis body down.”

But, now he said they should know the moon rise and the star rise only no more; for them too the sun of liberty had risen.

I can give no adequate idea of his address. You, who are familiar with his strong earnest mind as a writer, and his graceful manner as a speaker can imagine what he would say and how well he would say it on such an occasion. I know one tough old soldier out on the edge of the crowd, one of a Connecticut regiment, was heard to say with a suspicious winking of both eyes at once, that ‘It was very affecting, wasn’t it.’

Finally he called up a sergeant and a corporal and committed the colors to them with a most solemn and earnest charge to each.

They were intelligent and fine looking black men, and he requested them to say a few words to their friends among the audience. They each made a short address showing how well they understood and how deeply they felt what they were fighting for and

especially urging others to enlist. One of them referred in a very neat manner which brought out shouts of laughter from the crowd, to the fact that a great proportion of the crowd consisted of women, saying that if it had been the Fourth of July, or anything of that kind, there would have been more men than women present, but they were so afraid of having to enlist that the men dared not come.

Then Gen. Saxton, greeted with rousing cheers, made a short practical address and several other speakers followed.

I ought perhaps to have said that both Col. Higginson and Mr. French were repeatedly interrupted by enthusiastic applause and that the President and everybody else kept getting three cheers.

The final ode written for the occasion was sung, and then Col. Higginson told us he had invited a great multitude there, and he couldn't promise that they would all get fed, but he would say that ten oxen had been roasted for them within twelve hours, and a large quantity of hard bread provided with which most of them were familiar and all of them ought to be. So we adjourned to the barbecue grounds and ate a little of the beef and bread, and then the boat was ready and a great crowd passed down to the wharf and on board again, and a still greater one dispersed in other directions.

But such a good natured and well behaved crowd it was. Not an oath or a drunken man did I hear or see during the entire day. I did not even see any rude jostling.

There were probably 2500 people there, indeed I heard it estimated at 3000, though I thought that too high.

But I certainly never saw any such number collected at the North, so quiet and well conducted on a day of public rejoicing.

I think I shall not need the sprig of live oak which I broke from one of the trees that overhung the platform to make me remember that day. It would not be easy for me to forget it. I thank God that I saw it as I did."

We were comfortably settled at Beaufort and then the regiment was ordered to Hilton Head. "The fortunes of war," said Harriet. General and Miss Terry invited us to stay with them at his headquarters a day or two until we could settle upon some place to live in at Hilton Head, and that evening orders came from General Hunter sending the regiment to Fernandina, a little town on the inside shore of Amelia Island on the coast of Florida.

Harriet went up to Beaufort that night, [my burned foot still incapacitated me from active service,] packed our trunks, dismissed the one servant, turned over the house with all the furniture we had so painfully acquired to the Quartermaster of the Post and came down again in the morning boat, ready to go to Florida.

“Rosa had been so used to ‘sudden doins’ since de Yankees had come,’ that she was not surprised to have me send her off when she came leisurely around to get our breakfast. But I was sorry to leave that bureau which Mr. Hervey brought us one morning and set down in the parlor wrong end up. With what a triumphant air he made his men put the marble top on the bottom and then looked at us, as much as to say, ‘There, you’ll never have a nicer piece of furniture than that even at home.’ When we moved on to Bay Street, I had it set up right and I always wondered if he noticed the difference.”

We started at midnight for Fernandina and got there the next day at five o’clock.

The headquarters there was a house belonging to ex-Senator Yulee. A large square, white, wooden building, with the kitchen and servants' quarters not entirely separated, like the older houses we had seen in South Carolina, but connected with a long latticed piazza.

Colonel Hawley was in command of the Post, and the regiment was encamped in tents just outside the little town with two or three private houses near, as headquarters for the line officers and as hospitals, and also a church where we used to go on Sundays, our ribbons and dresses the only diversity from the blue uniforms and brass buttons. We were "the ladies of the regiment;" for besides Mrs. Hawley, there was Mrs. Wayland, the wife of the chaplain, Mrs. Gardiner, the wife of the then Lt.-Colonel, and Mrs. Dennis, wife of Captain Dennis.

One day notice was sent to headquarters from the outermost pickets, two or three miles down on the island and nearest the main land, that the rebels wanted to send over by flag of truce, a lady who wished to go north. The

provost-marshal, Captain Sanford, and Major Rodman, went down to receive the rebel party. The young lady was a Miss Buddington, of New London, who had been shut into Southern lines while spending the winter with an uncle and had never been able to get through and return home. She was received politely by our officers, who endeavored to converse with her, on the way back to the town, "in spite," as she laughingly said herself afterwards, "of the fact that I was horribly dressed, for I had been in the Confederation for two years, and my shoes were home-made cobblings."

Major Rodman found, to his dismay, that she was quite deaf, and he said to Captain Sanford, "you must talk to her, provost-marshal, I cannot." This part of the little episode is always remembered by the people of the regiment, because in one day less than three weeks from that time Major Rodman was not simply engaged to the young lady but they were married. We had various little festivities after that for the bride and groom, the supper on

each occasion being a triumph of mind over matter, although we had a sutler at the post and you could buy sardines and canned salmon.

All sorts of devices were practiced to make things that were not congenial in themselves into something that was like what something else would be if you had it. Dr. Woods, of the gunboat "Mohawk," which lay near us, sent Mrs. Hawley a pie.

"You are to believe that it is made of northern apples," said he, "and, moreover, I made it myself." It was very good. "All you have to do," said Harriet, "is to look off and chew, like the man with chewing gum. If one is smart enough to do that one would hardly believe that this was pieces of cracker, softened, flavored with lemon, sweetened and baked in a pie crust of the regular sort."

Another triumph was a discovery of Harriet's, that hard bread broken up fine and baked with grated cheese was as marvelously like macaroni as crackers were like apples. The joy was not unmixed with discomfiture, however, for on the first occasion that the dish

was brought to the table we had a guest arrive rather unexpectedly on the steamer. He was invited to dinner and the Colonel indiscreetly asked him if he would have some of the macaroni a second time. The guest had seen camp fare with little variety for several months and joyfully said "yes." This dish had been emptied at the first course—Harriet took it up with a perfect air and handed it to Harris, the Colonel's man, who vanished with as much alacrity as if barrels of maccaroni just from Naples were in the kitchen. The conversation went on and he did not re-appear until it was time for the dessert, and then of course it was too late for any other dish.

One morning several low river steamers came panting up to the wharf covered with black men in red uniforms carrying guns. It was the black regiment of Colonel Higginson. The Colonel came ashore to get guides, look at maps and then started off again. We could see them, across the flat marshes where they landed and attacked St. Mary's, a pestilent little town, lying near us on the main land,

which had given great trouble, harboring deserters, sending in spies and stealing supplies. The red of their uniform showed them forming, marching, breaking into files and the smoke of the guns told that they kept up to their work, and later the smoke of the burning town blew in wreaths along the flat meadows, and then they came back stopping again at Fernandina. Several of them had shown "Sambo's ability to stop a bullet as well as a white man," they were wounded, and Harriet helped to get bandages and lint for them.

It was a stirring scene, looking on at this first ordered attack of Sambo upon his master—a new chapter in history.

We were living in a house, yet we were virtually in a camp, and might see a battle at any moment. The line of our outer pickets was in full sight from the main land and the sentries were always on the lookout at night for any signaling, by lights or rockets, that would betray a disposition to make a raid upon us by the enemy.

We were awakened again and again at night—how breathless it was to be aroused from deep sleep, or if one were lying awake to hear the thud, thud of a horse galloping up the street, and think that must be the officer of the day going the grand rounds—to hear the sentry challenge, hear him dismount, and know that in the silence which followed was the officer's whispered reply, and then hear him thunder on the door of our quarters and know that there was some alarm abroad. Then there would be a clattering of the orderlies that slept at the back of the house as they ran down the outside stairs and of the Colonel on the front stairs, a slamming of the doors and then usually a silence, sometimes a stir as of men in the direction of the camp, then an hour or two during which if we heard nothing we usually went to sleep to be roused again by hearing the Colonel and the orderlies come rattling back, and to guess that it was a false alarm and that we should not have to hurry off to the gunboat, the Mohawk, where

it was understood the ladies were to go in case of an attack.

Late in April the regiment was ordered to St. Augustine as suddenly as—as things are ordered in time of war. There we went into another house which had been the headquarters of the previous commandant of the Post, and which like that at Fernandina had the necessities and a few luxuries of life, but not the comforts. We had pier glasses in the parlor and not an inch of carpet or matting through the whole house.

“But then,” said Harriet, “we have a night-blooming jessamine and a banana in the back yard, and a row of great Yuccas,” (the *Yucca Gloriosa* which grows to a height of 20 feet and sends up its magnificent spike of ivory white blossoms a yard higher at the top) “in the front yard, and what a pleasure it will be to see them blossom.” She had that pleasure, seeing the banana send down its first long purple sheath, which opened back four stout leaves, and under them, in a row around the stem was the first circle of blossoms. They

perfected themselves and fell, and meantime, the main stem lengthened down another joint, and lo! a new set of sheathing leaves and another row of protected blossoms and so on, until the stem was three feet long. Florida is semi-tropical, and the new plants and flowers were a constant source of interest.

“Think of a cloth of gold rose,” said Harriet, “having such confidence in the climate as to blossom out of doors—think of a climate which allows such conduct—and think too, how I have to take an old slipper every night and go over the store room with it killing the cockroaches, and I have to examine those muslin curtains carefully, lest the wretches should leave their eggs in the folds.” Having military command of a Post, gives the commandant an authority by which it is possible to see to the sanitary arrangements as no municipal authority ever can. Therefore the sanitary conditions of the different towns all along the Atlantic and the Gulf during the war, were excellent. The precautions suggested by the doctors, the care for prevail-

ing cleanliness, had its beneficial effect. The only cases of yellow fever in the Department were two or three at Hilton Head which terminated fatally in the case of Gen. Mitchell, but other than these there was no illness of an epidemic nature. Harriet visited the hospital regularly, because there were always a few cases of illness of some sort, but they did not need the care and labor, which afterward fell to her share in Washington or later still at Wilmington, where the released prisoners were brought from Andersonville, and the refugees following General Sherman's march brought jail fever and typhus in its worst form.

I said the war cloud hung over us always, even during these hours at St. Augustine which had an outside look of peacefulness. Our house was directly on the bay, with only the width of a road between us and the stone coping of the sea wall, which kept the waters from invading the land. We sat on the piazza one evening watching the reflections and sparkles of the moon on the water; the

bugles had just rung out "taps," in sweet silvery sounds, from the fort, from the barracks and from the guard house. We listened as we always did to the long clear notes, then the colonel said, "these are the horrors of war," and then added abruptly, "I have written to Hilton Head asking General Gilmore to recall us. While all that pounding is going on at Fort Sumter, I cannot rest here. The post is in order now, the matters I was sent here to settle are all arranged, probably the next steamer will bring orders for us to go."

Harriet said nothing, she had expected it, I think. Half the regiment under Lt.-Col. Rodman had been ordered up to Hilton Head a short time before. It was natural that the colonel should wish to have all "our boys," as we had come to think of and call them, with him, and natural too for him to wish to be in the thick of whatever was going on. It was the end of our quiet evenings. The last steamer had brought the actual news from Gettysburg, although we knew before, that a great battle must have taken place some-

where. The word had filtered into the air, as it were—probably it had in some way come to the negroes from their communication with each other, or the rebel inhabitants of the town, for there were many, had learned it through our lines; so we were not surprised when the great news really came, and all soldiers' souls beat with a desire to terminate this struggle; to close up the ranks and march on to the end.

The next evening, "steamer from Hilton Head," was signalled, and we made ready for news from Fort Sumter, and from "our boys," who were at Morris Island. The steamer had to lie off the bar that night, but came in the next morning, in the glorious sunlight with all her flags flying and we thought there must be good news. We heard shouting and then a burst of cheering down at the wharf and rushed to the door forgetting military discipline, and spoke to the sentry on guard there—"What is it, what is the news?" said we. The man turned toward us, the expression of his face, never

to be forgotten, as he jammed his cap over his eyes, and answered huskily, "Our boys led in an attack on Fort Wagner; we was repulsed—our major is wounded, Capt. Burdick is killed, Capt. Chamberlin is a prisoner, and they have ordered the rest of us up there."

Harriet and I looked at each other; after a pause, in which neither of us spoke or could speak so heavily had the blow fallen, she said, "Those flags must be mended before they go."

"We're ordered off to-morrow morning at sunrise," said the sentry.

It was Sunday but we hunted up the one or two silk dresses we had ventured to bring, took pieces from them, sent around to the wives of other officers to know if they could not also contribute (they did — what they could), and we worked all day on the piazza patching the eagle, and the stripes, and stars which had flown so gloriously when Fort Pulaski was taken, and were to fly more gloriously than ever when Fort Fisher fell two years later.

Colonel Hawley's own comfort was not forgotten. Harriet slipped into his scanty baggage whatever he could be persuaded to take, that would be of use to him on the burning sands of Morris Island.

The next morning it was a saddened group of women who watched the steamer down the bay and out over the bar.

Mrs. Wayland, bright and sweet as she usually was, had been crying that morning, and the looks on the faces of the rest of us told our story.

"I wish I had asked what they cheered so for yesterday morning, and made me think it was good news," said she. "I asked," said I.

"What was it?" her tone that of one who would like to quarrel with something, as a means of diverting emotions stirred to their depths.

"It was for the bravery of our boys in the attack and their pluck in the retreat."

Her question had not served its object, we all melted into silent tears again as we recalled the meeting we had had on the piazza

the evening before, where the seven remaining companies drawn up in line, the colonel, his own voice breaking sometimes as he spoke, had read the report of the fight, with personal mention of the men's bravery in many instances; bringing home the actualities of a fight as nothing else could ever have done.

Harriet afterward had a chance to visit her husband at Morris Island, and part of the next winter she spent with him in camp at Helena Island, opposite Hilton Head; the regiment being ordered there to rest and recruit after the hot summer on the sand at Morris Island.

I was with her only a part of the time and so cannot give full details of her life there. In one of her letters she says:

“ I've commenced a little school among the soldiers; there were many among the conscripts and substitutes who could neither read nor write. One, a North Carolina cracker, a deserter from the rebel army, came and asked me to teach him and I told him to bring as many others as he could. They are most of them very hard cases and I am somewhat afraid they will

steal everything in the tent and pick my pocket, but I enjoy teaching them, they are so eager to learn."

Jan. 17, 1864, a meeting in the church on St. Helena Island. "It was a beautiful day and the church was crowded: we were quite early and the scene at the church—itsself surrounded by great trees and literally in the woods where groups of people, black and white, old and young, babies and children, on foot, on horseback, in wagons, in donkey carts—in-describable and nameless vehicles—the black women dressed in gay colors—invariably wearing turbans, the men, many of them in clothes Ham must have brought out of the ark—the white ladies in fashionable poky bonnets and here and there an officer in uniform—altogether was very picturesque. They sang two of their wild hymns—then Mr. French read a portion of scripture and made them a short address and read them a circular from Gen. Saxton telling them all about Mr. Lincoln's arrangements in regard to the lands. They are to be allowed to preëempt the Government lands here just as other people are out west and to buy, if they can, to the extent of 40 acres, the ground being surveyed and laid out into lots of twenty acres each and they are to pay only \$1.25 per acre. I am thankful so wise a plan has been adopted. Now the world can see whether the blacks can take care of themselves or not. He was followed by Gen. Saxton, then by several other speakers, with singing

by the congregation. It is a great day for the negroes when they are permitted in South Carolina to become land-owners. It was strange to see the intense though *still* excitement among them, some of those in the galleries bent forward so eagerly I thought they would fall on their heads among the people below.''

The next spring we both went north, and she wrote her husband :

“I can’t bear to leave the men, I want to be where I can go to the hospital and see some of their faces every day. It seems like home to me if I can only see a soldier with a 7 in his cap.”

And again March 9, 1864. “The more I went about among our poor wounded men at Hilton Head the harder it was for me to leave, and one of the old nurses in the General Hospital, whom I knew pretty well, begged me so hard to stay when I told him I was going, saying that he knew I did good among the men—that even at the last moment I made an effort to get a place in the linen room. I did not succeed, but I came away more than half determined to go right back. I was pleased as any school girl in watching the elegant carriages and fine horses and superb dresses of the ladies as I drove up Broadway Monday afternoon, but suddenly I seemed to see far more plainly the bare rooms with long rows of narrow cots, in each one a worn, patient, manly face, and before I knew it I was sobbing. I must go back and do what I can for my poor boys. It was hard enough to come away, it seemed to pull my heart in two. I

am afraid you will oppose me, but I want to get Miss Dix to appoint me to some place in a Hospital at Beaufort—in the linen room, or as an assistant nurse, so that my duties shall not be too heavy for my strength, but so that I shall have some regular work to do and feel that I have a right to be there.”

April 3d, answering a letter from her husband. “It does me good to have you write your whole soul out to me so. It makes me feel that I haven’t lived with you all these years for nothing, that I really am part of you—part of your life. I’m more and more thankful that I have been with you this past year [in the South]. How I thank God for giving me a husband who can fight straight on under that great inexorable duty, not only through this war, but through any political war that may come for God and the right! I honor you more and more as the years go by—and though I’m not without ambition for you [pray God it may not be a selfish ambition] yet I tell you truly, I would rather live with you in utter poverty all my life than have you stain one little corner of your soul in a struggle for place or power. You know how I love you, yet I do not exaggerate when I say that I would rather see you dead than see you such a man as ———. I am not exactly content that you should deserve promotion and not receive it, yet perhaps I am as nearly so as it is worth while to be. I can’t help longing for rest, too, sometimes, but I

shall never have it in this world, and I thank God most heartily that at last I have something to do better than crochet-work ! Not that I am going to despise that, but if He will only give me strength enough to do something *real* for Him !”

Then in April she was assigned to the hospital at Armory Square in Washington, starting a new ward, where none of her intimate friends were with her and where her life was such a round of trying labor, that she never put much of it into her letters.

“It was terrible enough to live it, without trying to reproduce it to others,” she said afterward when we remarked we knew very little of her there. The worst cases from the battlefields of the Potomac army were brought there, because it was near the landing and because the rooms were airy. Her ward was large and sometimes six men died in one day from their wounds, during that terrible summer when McClellan was fighting before Richmond. She wrote to her husband of the less trying and touching scenes, keeping her letters always cheerful and bright. She was

on duty from six in the morning till ten at night, with only a few minutes for hurried meals.

“As I have so large a ward, my doctor has given me two orderlies beside the ‘No. 6,’ which every lady nurse has, and who is supposed to do her errands and assist her in giving medicines. My ‘No. 6’ is invaluable.”

She had been in her ward two days, six men had died, two more were so low that they could not live until morning, when she writes :

“I am glad and thankful that I am here, just as I am that you are there, yet the days drift by in one long agony. I am learning not to let myself *feel* as much as I did at first, yet I can never get used to it.”

“O, my men are dying so fast! The truth is this Hospital is so near the boat that it is always filled up with the very worst cases, and this time they all say they have never had men whose systems seemed in such a low bad state. There comes a man to tell me ‘Capt. Bell is bleeding,’ a secondary hemorrhage, and I thought his amputated leg was doing so nicely. There his sweet, gentle, motherly-looking wife is standing right by him and his children.”

The tenth corps was ordered up to the James River in Virginia in the spring of 1864. Of their first fighting at Bermuda Hundreds she wrote, June 9th, 1864 :—

“The Seventh has been in heavy action. It is terrible that it should have suffered so. My boys—my boys—they don’t know how I love them.”

June 12, 1864. “I must stop and give out my stimulants. To think that *I* should ever be glad to see men drink whiskey! We give a great deal, our men are in so low a condition.”

“I had no idea of the amount of brains and labor required to keep even one ward in a Hospital in good working order, even after it is all started: nurses, waiters, doctors and all, we all work as hard as we can. How the M. C’s pour in upon us! All very right for them to look after the soldiers, and especially those from their districts, but I do wish they wouldn’t wear such squeaking boots and tramp about so noisily. They wouldn’t do so in the sickroom of a man at home, why should they do it in the sickroom of thirty men?”

To her husband, July 24. “You see what the Sanitary Commission does and I see what the Soldier’s Aid does. One of the nurses who had been here more than a year said to me to-day, that she couldn’t have made her men comfortable if it had

not been for the Hartford Aid. The Government provides all the *essentials*, food and medicine, and surgeons and nurses, but I don't think Uncle Sam provides pocket handkerchiefs or easy chairs when the sick boys first begin to sit up, or carpet slippers, or lemonade when they are feverish, or jelly to tempt their appetites a little when they're sick of Hospital tea [which isn't like home tea], or books and games [checkers and dominoes, and solitaire, etc.] to help along the weary hours of a slow convalescence.. You go into a Hospital and ask the boys if they want anything and they'll tell you 'no, they are very well taken care of,' and yet you find that all these things and many more are very acceptable when they are offered, and really help the men to get well. Good-night, there is the bugle and I shall be in darkness in a moment."

Aug. 12. "I am weary of this whole matter of promotion. The way these things are managed here in Washington is unutterably disgusting to me. If I did not really believe that you could do much more good as an officer, that you are *needed* as one, I should really think of asking you to resign and enlist as a private. I can't tell you how hateful the whole business seems. O, I think the world needs to have Christ come again."

"For God's love don't say you wish it were permissible to fight duels. I can imagine no circum-

stances which would excuse a duel in this age. If a man is good for anything, he is too good to be shot at for any personal quarrel,—if he is good for nothing he certainly is not good enough to shoot at you. If two utterly abandoned wretches choose to agree to shoot each other, that might save the hangman a job, but I suppose that would hardly be called a duel. No, I cannot conceive of anything which could make a duel seem right to me, though I think there are outrages which justify a man in shooting another in cold blood just as he would an uncaged tiger.”

Aug. 14, 1864. “I wish you could look in and see my ward now, all so clean and nice and quiet, everybody with clean shirts and clean pillow cases and clean spreads on the beds, most of the men either reading or asleep, and all evidently comfortable. It would take but a few things more to make my ward come up to my ideal. I shall be as proud of it as you of your regiment. I’m not sure whether my men like me very much, but I know they mind me and keep order, and that’s what I care most for.”

She went away for needed rest about Sept. 8th, 1864 and returned Nov. 26th of the same year.

“Having got creditably through with our ‘inspection,’ having made out and sent in my requisitions for

food, and having revised my medicine list and given all my boys their dinners, and brought an apple to 44 and made him some lemonade and cut his hair, and changed the cushions under 39's foot and leg so that the poor fellow could be comfortable, and having had a short service conducted by a member of the Christian Commission, I can write you with a good conscience."

Dec. 18, 1864. "Last evening we ladies had a tea-party. These tea-parties are quite festal occasions with us, though they consist simply in our taking our tea together in the minute parlor otherwise called lumber room of the ladies' house. Each one contributes what she can to the table, each one owns a cup and saucer and teaspoon, and we have three or four knives and two forks among us. Plates we scarcely know the use of, and a deceased sheet does duty as a table cloth, the table consisting of three of the little stands which we have in our rooms for dressing tables, set together. My poor boy with the lock-jaw is really better to-night, I think he may live it through, and so I shall sleep."

Dec. 25, 1864. "'They [her 'boys'] made me a charming present this morning greatly to my surprise, of a nice photograph album—a really handsome one in which I hope to see many of their thin faces soon. I was very much pleased and touched, for I have always had the feeling that my boys cared very little

about me. I have been so busy always, had so much more to do all summer than I possibly could do, that I had no time to be agreeable to my men or to make special friends of them, and have always felt that they could not possibly know how much I cared for them. And when I came back this fall, I found my ward had been mismanaged and was so completely demoralized—the men were so noisy and dirty, and rude, that, though I took hold of the work of reformation with good pluck, yet I felt and knew that I must share the fate of all reformers in becoming thoroughly unpopular. But my boys are good ones I find, as well as brave ones, and can stand my fault-finding as well as bullets, and some of them certainly appreciate my efforts to do all I can for them.”

Dec. 25, 1864. “We trimmed the ward by way of keeping Christmas. A wreath of evergreens hangs on each of the twelve pillars, festoons across the center of the hall, a large garrison flag looped across the far end, while at this end are crosses and stars. Mrs. Foster sent me eight beautiful flowering plants which stand in the windows, and a bouquet of fresh flowers from Miss Dixon on the piano. I have rarely enjoyed anything more than sitting and chatting with my men and tying greens yesterday. The Commissary and I clubbed together and gave all the full diet patients a plum pudding, and we lady nurses did the same by all the others. I take great comfort in Ward,

my No. 6, who is not only faithful in his ordinary duties but a reliable friend and able to be of very great assistance to me in telling me about the men."

Dec. 30th, 1864. "We were wild with delight when we heard of Sherman's victory. I couldn't help going down in the dining-room where my full diet patients and those of the ward above—a hundred and thirty—were at breakfast, and getting the ward-master to call for three cheers for Sherman."

Jan. 1st, 1865. "To-day being New Year's, I treated my boys by adding turnips and potatoes to their dinner of stewed beef [fresh], and pickles and pudding. I gave them a dessert too, of some of Mr. Clark's nice apples, and I said Happy New Year to everybody I met, and that's about all. I forgot that I gave a cravat to each of my four section nurses and have another waiting for the little black-eyed boy, who made me a Christmas present of some paper and envelopes. A strange life we lead here—monotonous enough, yet very intense, very absorbing and very exciting. Isolated to a degree which is really absurd considering where we are, we have a little world of our own, and there is a great deal of pleasure in it and a strange fascination."

She went into Ward A, in January, 1865.

January 6th. "I felt very badly to leave the armory, and must confess I am not a little homesick

to go back to it, as it was my duty to induct the 'new lady' into the armory at the same time I was to report for duty in 'A'—and as the new lady had never been into a hospital before, and didn't know anything about it, I really took charge of them both, making out requisitions, etc., at first, and I still feel it my duty to go up there and visit my boys at least once every day. Then we are turned out of the ladies' house, which is to be lathed and plastered, and put into rooms in the rear of the wards."

Jan. 15, 1865. "My boy, who has the lock-jaw, is slowly dying; perfectly resigned and happy. I had a good little talk with him just now; it is a comfort to talk with anyone who seems to stand and look as it were into the other world so calmly and happily.

"Capt. Nichols, of one of our Connecticut regiments, is dying in the next ward. I have just been to say a few comforting words to his poor aunt, who reached him this morning. She brought him up and has been more than a mother to him. One of my men died last night very suddenly, indeed. The doctor was as much surprised by it as I. Such things are exceedingly painful, for they leave with me a mingled grief and remorse and self reproach, that I had not done more for the poor fellow—had not realized how sick he was."

In this new Ward she speaks of the differ-

ence in the work, the men mostly convalescents.

“The work not exhausting but most of it very pleasant, as it brings me into very pleasant and friendly relations with my men.”

Feb. 19, 1865. “I think you will go back to the ‘Press.’ I do not believe you would be contented long if you should have an appointment abroad. I think you would very soon feel the sort of stimulus the work at home would be, and I think the work there needs you.”

“There comes that odious Walt Whitman to talk evil and unbelief to my boys. I think I would rather see the evil one himself—at least if he had horns and hoofs—in my ward. I shall get him out as soon as possible.”

February 23d. “Glorious victories! I stood and listened to the salutes yesterday. There are so many fortifications in and around Washington that the roar and thunder was grand. My boys said it was like old times in front of Petersburg, etc.”

“One of my boys died last night. A little slender delicate-looking black boy, about as fit to be a soldier as I—less so, for he had consumption. He never thought of enlisting, but a substitute broker went over into Canada [he lived just over the line] drugged him and several others, and when they woke up they

were in Buffalo, where they were sold as substitutes ; not only outraged himself, but made to cheat the Government also. He never did any duty, never could, but has been here dying for the last three months, and at last sank away to sleep as quietly as a little child. That night he seemed to suffer no pain, but lay and sang 'I want to go to Jesus' and the Hallelujah song [the first time he has ever sung since he came here], stretched out his hand to his black friend, who lay in the next bed, saying, 'give me your hand,' and shook it ; and when asked if he felt better, replied, 'O, yes, I'm well now,' and sang the Hallelujah once more. There are wrongs which only Heaven can right—but surely that poor child had a little glimpse, even here, of the happiness of the Eternal City. I am taking comfort among my boys, though I have two men very sick with the lung fever. I can see that I have a great deal of influence in the ward and many of the men are very much attached to me as I to them."

March 3d, 1865. "Do you remember Mr. O——? His son was brought here from City Point about a month ago—very low, dying—and only lived long enough to be put into a decent bed. He was not in my ward, but I happened to be in just in time to close the poor boy's eyes. I wrote to his father and was surprised by a visit from the old man a few days ago. He had come to obtain the body of his son.

He came in this morning—his simple hearted, honest, earnest patriotism and grief were very touching.”

March 5, 1865. “I have to give passive movements to No. 30—it is time after that for my Bible class and then the lights will be turned down.”

She saw the second inauguration of Lincoln and says :

“The most significant thing to me in the celebration was the battalion of *colored* infantry and the colored brass band and delegation [a large one] from the colored Odd Fellows. It is difficult to remember sometimes that this is the District of Columbia.”

March 12, 1865. “My life here is more absorbing than anything I could have ever imagined. It is more like that of a mother of a *very* large family than anything else. Lately some of my boys have manifested some interest in religious subjects, and every evening a few of us gather around my table and read a chapter or two in the Bible and talk a little just before the last bugle. These things give me an added sense of responsibility.”

Feb. 16, 1865. “My men are all doing well. I am trying to persuade some of the younger ones who are convalescent to study regularly every day, but don’t know that I shall succeed.”

Feb. 27, 1865. To a sister at home—“You spoke of a bedquilt in your last ; and havn’t you a Soldiers’

Aid which could send me some bandages too? made of either strong old cloth or new which has been washed, so that it is entirely free from starch. I should particularly like the quilt, for I have a couple of poor fellows here who have been lying on their backs—one since last June, the other since last May—and I think they will be amused by looking at the pieces. One of them, who cannot read very much, would I know enjoy it for he has told me about his own sewing when a boy. I've been teaching him to crochet, which he seems to find quite a comfort, and if any of your young ladies want to make him a present tell them to send him half a dozen skeins of bright colored worsted, such as will make pretty little lamp mats. Do not blame me if I neglect you and everything else, the life here is so absorbing. I grow to love my boys so much and I can at last see that I am having some influence over them, and that gives me a greater sense of responsibility than ever."

Whether taught by her own experience or by the gentle gift of ministry which belonged to her, she was so deeply convinced that no trifle was unimportant which could vary the depressing monotony of a sick-room, that during her stay in the Armory Square Hospital, when she went to her room at noon she

always changed her dress, though it was only substituting for one simple cambric gown, another of different color and pattern.

After the battles in the Wilderness, the hospital was so crowded that many men were in tents outside. Her way to and from the hospital to the dinner barrack lay past one of these tents, in which were two men so placed that one saw her as she approached and the other as she went away. Later, when they were moved into the building, it was found that the events which had varied their weary day had been seeing her pass by. At the regular hours of her coming, the one who could see her, was on the watch.

"There comes the neat little woman," he would say to his comrade, who answered,

*"What dress has she got on?"*

"We always called you the neat little woman; we didn't know your name," one of them told her afterwards: "John and I used to wish we could have a wife like that, if we ever got well and got home. We didn't know, then, you was married ma'am," he added, simply.

She made strong efforts to get some members of the Seventh who were in prison, released, Captain Chamberlain and others—interviewing Senator and Mrs. Foster and then Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Faxon, Asst. Sec. They all promised to do what they could.

To her husband—"I've just received a note from Mr. Foster saying that the Secretary of War had put the names of our four Seventh officers on the list of special exchanges; so the main point I have gained, but do not say anything about it at present, for it may be many months still before they are free. Of course I shall not give it up till they are."

Her husband in March, 1865, was ordered to Wilmington, N. C.; he had become commander of a brigade and was now put in command of this post. Harriet soon joined him, finding more work to be done there than even in the hospital.

She wrote to her sister—"A steamer goes North to-morrow, but as you haven't 'a son among the paroled prisoners who reached Wilmington about March 1st, and hasn't been heard from since,' I cannot spend much time on you."

To a cousin, April 7, 1865. "I intended long ago to write you acknowledging the receipt of the pictures you sent me for my ward in the Armory Square Hospital, but I had so many pressing duties to occupy my time and strength that the time for letter-writing never came, and I am not sure it ever will come in any satisfactory way.

"It is twelve days since I arrived here, sea-sick, weak and weary—having had five days and nights on the propeller between Washington and this place. I did not enjoy the trip, but I have been sicker once or twice in my life. Wilmington is a larger place than I had supposed it to be; quite a city in fact, but

like every city I have seen in the South, shows decided marks of decay and of the war. Evidently no repairs of any sort have been made for the last four years. We are pleasantly situated in a very large house, a rather showy one, but still very handsome in all respects. It is at present, nearly destitute of furniture, and I see but little prospect of obtaining some of the articles that we consider indispensable at the North—such as carpets and window curtains or shades of any sort. My room is furnished principally with an enormous elegantly framed mirror, but that is better than nothing, you know.

“My husband has more to do than you can well imagine. Besides the infinite variety of vexatious little questions, legal and military, which his position as commandant of the district necessitates his settling every day of his life, he is constantly receiving and forwarding troops and provisions to General Sherman’s army and to do that, has been obliged to repair railroads and bridges with [of course under such circumstances] insufficient means and too few men and tools. You know that over nine thousand of our prisoners were delivered to us here, and no human tongue or pen can describe the horrible condition which they were in. *Starving to death*, covered with vermin, with no clothing but the filthy rags they had worn during their whole imprisonment—a period of from five to twenty months ; cramped by long sitting

in one position so that they could not straighten their limbs—their feet rotted off—oh, God! I cannot endure to speak of it!

“Of course they brought the jail fever with them—it could not be otherwise; yet they must be fed and cleaned, and clothed, and cared for. There were no hospital accommodations here worth mentioning; there were not doctors enough, and they over-worked themselves and caught the fever and died. Buildings of all sorts were converted into temporary hospitals and the nurses [enlisted men] fell sick at the rate of fifty a day. The chaplains worked as only Christian men can work, and they sickened too; Chaplain Eaton [7th Conn. Vols.] died a real martyr; Mr. Tiffany [6th Conn. Vols.] has barely struggled through a most terrible attack of the fever and is slowly recovering. Another, whose name I cannot recall, is still very low; can hardly be expected to live. Three out of the five lady nurses sent by Miss Dix have been very ill, and one, Miss Kimball died this morning resigned and happy, as such a woman could not fail to be, yet leaving many friends to mourn for her, and a place here that no one can fill.

“Dr. Burrill, the general medical officer and one who cannot be too highly spoken of both as a man and a physician, died of the fever last week. Dr. Palmer has since followed him; but the terrible list of those dead and still sick of the fever, is too long

for me to try to write it. It is only within the last five days that they have received any hospital supplies. Previous to that time many of the men were lying in straw spread on the floor, although the various citizens have given and done all in their power. What could a few families do from their private supplies, toward furnishing thirty-nine hundred men with beds and bedding? Besides these there were the convalescent ones to be clothed. Thank God, the vessel that the Sanitary Commission sent came soon with nine thousand shirts and drawers, so that when I first saw them they all had at least so much in the way of clothing.

“We got possession of twelve hundred yards of cotton cloth and a bale of cotton. I called a meeting of the benevolent ladies of the place, the Sanitary Commission gave us thread and in a week’s time the materials were made up: a hundred and thirty-eight pillow cases, a hundred and fifty-three pillows, eighty-four bed sacks and as many sheets. With these and other stores the hospitals are now all tolerably well supplied.

“Of course many have been sent North, all who were able to go, and many have died on the road, yet there are still many here. And as if this were not misery enough for one poor little city, Sherman sent here six thousand refugees, black and white, old men and women, children and babies, with nothing but

what they could carry on their backs, or in a few cases, drag in a little old mule-cart.

“And these poor wretches must be housed and fed with the city already crowded and the fever spreading among the citizens. It is impossible for you to imagine the misery which has stared me in the face at every step since I have been here. I can find no words to describe it. This very afternoon I carried food and wine to a woman who had been lying sick for three days on a little straw in an old wagon in an open shed, discovered accidentally by one of our officers. Of course this is not an every day case, but it is a wonder that it is not. Many of these refugees have been sent North and many more will be, but the mere fact of their being transported thus involves a vast amount of labor which must mostly fall upon the soldiers, and the garrison here is small—as small as it can be kept and do the necessary work and guard duty. And besides all this the city has been shamefully neglected for many months and it is fearfully dirty, and there is but a small number of teams and wagons to do so great an amount of scavenger work. Well, I meant to give you some idea of the various kinds of work and care my husband has on his shoulders and I have made a long story of it, yet it seems to me I have told you little.

“It did, and still does sometimes look very hopeless here on all sides. You at the North will never

be able to conceive of our prisoners. You may see all the pictures and read all the accounts and believe or think you believe, every word of them, and then you will have but a faint idea. Men have lain on the ground here, dying, with the vermin literally swarming in steady paths up and down their bodies, as ants go in lines about the ant-hills; one poor fellow, a sergeant, died in the house of a kind lady here, whose limbs were so cramped by long sitting through weakness, that they could not be straightened, even when he died, so that his coffin had to be made with the cover shaped like a tent.

“Women were afraid to walk over the plank sidewalks where some of the prisoners had been congregated for a little time, through fear of vermin. Men who had once been educated and cultivated with fine minds, were reduced to idiocy—to utter and hopeless imbecility.

“More than forty men, whose feet or portions of them had rotted off, left on the steamer yesterday. I do not know how many more such cases there had been among them, but these men I saw. Think of it, feet so rotted away that the surgeon cut them off with scissors above the ankle! Has God any retribution for those who inflicted such suffering? Has their country any rewards for the men who suffered thus month after month, rather than turn traitor—rather than deny the old flag?

“To-day we have been firing salutes and ringing the bells for the capture of Richmond. You should have heard the hoarse voices of the boys in the hospitals as they tried to cheer, when they heard the bells this noon. I stood still in the street and cried like a child as I heard them and it all rushed over my mind at once how much it meant to *them*.

“Good-bye. This is a long rambling letter ; for it has dragged its slow length along through many interruptions ; but I think you will read it and judge it mildly. Just now a negro band comes up to serenade us, and how very charmingly they play. Isn't it a satisfaction that the negro troops were the first to go into Richmond ? God gives us a little poetic justice sometimes.”

May 28, 1865. “I spend my entire forenoons in going about among the sick and poor. I load up my little buggy with a miscellaneous stock of shirts, corn starch, socks, condensed milk, tin cups, cologne, rags, towels, tin plates, farina, whiskey, pillow-cases, diarrhea medicine, knives and forks and smelling salts, not to mention apple-sauce and newspapers if I am going among the soldiers ; Dennis, who drives for me, has become very expert in finding out what I want. I've been exposed to about every disease I know, measles, small-pox, typhus fever and spotted fever, but I seem to come out safely.”

Later in the year her husband was removed to Richmond where he was Gen. Terry's chief-of-staff. They were in the house of Jefferson Davis.

July 30, 1860. "Major-General and the Misses Terry were once hissed in the street while quietly riding, and once a pack of children yelled Yankee Doodle, etc., after them ; but I am not so fortunate as to meet with any adventures more exciting than an uncivil degree of neglect and inattention from the proprietors of a dry goods store which was full of F. F. V. customers whom they dared not offend."

While here she went with an uncle to visit the grave of Uriah Parmelee, a much loved cousin, who had been a captain in the 1st Connecticut Cavalry and was killed at the battle of Five Forks. When returning the mules became frightened and she was thrown from the ambulance, striking her head. There was no immediate anxiety felt as she was not unconscious for any length of time, but the injury resulted in an inflammation of the brain from which she never fully recovered, though with a patience and bravery which

she had always shown, she came to live a useful life again. She was shut up in a darkened room for two years, in as quiet a place as could be found for her—the noise of the rustling of even a soft silk dress which her mother wore in her room once, was too much for her to bear. She told me afterwards that she felt very proud when she could sew two stitches a day. How persistent her effort was to be better, to lose no chance of improving, can be understood only by those who have had long invalidism to contend with and have risen triumphant above it. She was obliged to lie many hours in total silence and darkness. Even the crackling and snapping of a little wood fire was unbearable. During these days, she was escaping insanity. She said, “I used to look at an angle of the wall of my room, and long to go and strike my head against it. To do so would be a relief to my agony it seemed, yet I knew if I did it, I should go mad. I resisted the temptation, but it almost overpowered me once or twice.”

She got better because she willed it, and was ready to undergo intelligently the requirements necessary to recovery. She and her husband boarded two or three years in Hartford, the general having gone back to his work as editor of the "Hartford Courant," and when she felt that she was again able to be something more than a hopeless invalid, he bought a house on Sigourney street, and they moved out there and she commenced housekeeping.

“A good husband, a good house, and twenty-four glasses of currant jelly, are what I shall have to begin with,” said she, “and what could one ask more?”

Behind this house in Sigourney street is a small oblong yard, perhaps twenty feet in width, from which a strip of ground, five or six feet wide, runs under the south windows of the kitchen and dining room, to the west wall of the back parlor. The wall of the next house is so near that the sun never shines upon this narrow place; and in the yard itself there is but little room which was not occupied by the paved walk between the kitchen door and the back gate, and the drying ground for the clothes. Yet here Harriet had her flower garden.

The afternoon sun shines upon the little yard, and all around it were borders gay with flowers; sometimes long vines of brilliant red and yellow nasturtiums even crept over the

tiny bit of greensward which belonged to the clothes reel.

The narrow strip of ground was only wide enough for a path and a border, and in that more shady place she had lovely fuchsias, which she petted in the house every winter till they grew very large; they were seldom without blossoms. The farthest corner of all, damp and dark, was beautiful with great ferns. Over the kitchen door ran morning-glories which she had trained with her own hands, but they were not especially favored; every root and seed and cutting was planted by the same slender fingers.

And she did more for her flowers than merely plant and cultivate them, for, first of all, she made the soil in which they grew. The ground was at first, as it is almost everywhere in Hartford, a cold stiff clay. What she did for her garden is given in her own words, as she told it, some years after, to a friend, who wished to know how to treat a similar case.

“When I came here this yard was just one big brick—it wasn’t fired, only sun-dried ! There wasn’t a blade of grass, or even a weed. I thought I must have something to enrich it, and, above all, sand to lighten it. But I found sand ‘ruled in the market’ about as high as gold dust, and what I wanted would cost a king’s ransom—whatever that is !

“So I had to do something else. *I never had anything carried off the place.* All the cinders were sifted out, and the ashes dug in all over the yard. Of course, being coal ashes, they didn’t enrich the soil—their effect was only mechanical—they did lighten it. Then whatever was left from the table, I buried in the yard, with all the parings of the vegetables, and every scrap of every kind which could not be used in the house. Fish-skins and bones are particularly good !

“When weeds began to grow, I pulled them up and buried them. I still bury refuse in the flower-bed, but not everything now, because I don’t have time ! But things you never would think of are good for flower-beds. My very finest nasturtiums grew where I buried the kitchen door mat !”

She was at this time still so far from strong that she could walk but a little way, could not bear the motion of a carriage, and was entirely unequal to any continued effort. But

when she could do no more, she would work very gently ten minutes in her flower-beds, and then go into the house and lie down and rest. In this way she got a little out-door air and exercise with "an object," which so many invalids need and cannot find. She persevered in this day after day and week after week, even season after season, till gradually the "sun-dried brick" became a lovely garden, and by like slow imperceptible degrees, every day's life being guided by unfaltering resolution and self-control, she patiently and bravely worked her way back to some measure of her former health.

Notwithstanding her illness and invalidism, time touched her very gently, and when most of her contemporaries had wrinkles and gray hair, she had neither. One morning, during a political campaign, an old man from one of the country towns came to the house to see General Hawley. He was not at home and the old man asked many questions—when he went, where he had gone, when he would be at home, etc., which the maid could not

answer. Harriet heard him and went into the hall.

"I am sorry General Hawley is not here. Can I give him any message for you?"

"Why, I don't know—wal, yes—you tell the old general—you're his darter, I spose?"

"I am Gen. Hawley's wife," said Harriet, with dignity.

"His wife! Wal—you just tell him that I came—and that I want him to—I reckon General Hawley must have been pretty well inter years when he married you? Considerable younger than he is, I presume?"

Harriet's dignity was frigid now.

"We are about the same age," she said. "What did you want me to tell him?"

It happened that the evening of the same day a friend repeated to her a compliment which had been paid to her youthful appearance.

"I don't care for that," she said, almost sadly. "I don't wish to look young. I wish to grow old as fast as Joe does—with him."

One day, when putting a gun in order, Gen. Hawley asked for sweet oil. Harriet directed him to the medicine shelf in the library closet. He could not find it at first, and she said,

“It is in a bottle marked chloroform.”

Still looking, he answered with the well-worn truth that in a medicine cupboard every thing should be correctly labelled—to neglect it was often culpable carelessness—even fatal accidents resulted from it.

“Yes,” she answered, agreeing in the humblest of tones. “Only suppose now, that any one had *smelled at that sweet oil*, taking it for chloroform !”

Her sense of beauty was always remarkable. Once, when she was only a child, she followed a lady a long distance through city streets, because she wore a handsome old India shawl, such as the little girl had never seen before. “I couldn’t help it,” she said, “it was so beautiful.”

Her views as to the adoption of children were carefully thought out and very decided. She regarded it as a duty.

“There should be no such thing as a homeless child. There are homes enough—good homes—enough for every child that God has sent into the world,” she said. “Only people don’t do their duty.”

For some time her illnesses and lack of strength prevented her endeavoring to accomplish her own strong wish in regard to this matter, but when she was living in the house on Sigourney street she thought herself able to do it. She had always been watchful for such a child as she wanted, but she now made more active search, and, with that view wrote to Dr. Samuel Abbot Green then city physician in Boston.

The child was to be a girl: she said she had “not ground enough for a boy,” and besides she thought the establishing of a boy in life involved more than she felt herself at liberty to pledge to it. This girl was to have no parents—it must be entirely Harriet’s own—and her belief in heredity was so strong that she could not bring herself to be willing to put forth all her little strength and allow

herself to pour out the love of her motherly heart on the child of immoral parents. These were the essential points. Further, she wished that the child should have no brothers or sisters.

"I know how little I can do," she said. "I can only take one now. If I should grow stronger, perhaps I could take more, but now even one is an experiment. I could not influence the future, or control the surrounding of the brothers and sisters; I could not even be sure I should be able to keep track of them. And how I should feel, by and by, to have to tell her, "You have brothers and sisters somewhere in the world, and if I had done my duty, I should know where they are, and you could have their affection? She wouldn't think much of me then—and she would be right!"

Of the baby girls then in the charge of the Temporary Home for Destitute Children in Boston, there were none who fully came up to the requirements. But there was one, eighteen months old, whose parentage was

unexceptionable, but who had an older brother and a sister three months old. The child was a lovely little creature, and a friend who went to see it reported so favorably upon it that Gen. Hawley went to Boston to see it, for Harriet was not able then to take even so short a journey. It was ill with measles when he came, but he was delighted with its beauty and its loving, winning ways. She decided to take it, and began to love it at once, notwithstanding its brown eyes, "though," she said, "I did want it to have blue eyes like Joe." True to her principles, she endeavored to find homes for the other children among her friends, and her life-long friend, Mrs. James Beecher, adopted the little baby.

Harriet made prompt arrangements for the reception of her little girl. Indeed, she was so delighted that she hardly thought of anything else. She took the back chamber for her own bedroom, that the airy and sunny front room, afterward the library, might be a nursery and sitting room. She bought material for little white dresses, she engaged a

nursery maid, and pondered hours upon the baby's name. "Aunty Gwynne" wrote from the temporary home that the child was doing well in the measles, and later that it had recovered and the doctor thought there would be no risk in the change. A day was fixed when Gen. Hawley was to go to Boston to bring it home.

That very morning a telegram announced that the child was dead. Some after effect of the disease had appeared suddenly, and it had died after only a few hours' illness.

The sorrow of a real loss, almost of a bereavement, fell upon the expectant household,—not to be understood except by those who knew the inmates well. Though not having seen it, she had really loved it. She gave away the little garments she had made with loving anticipation, almost as if her child had worn them. Her large eyes were piteous in their sadness when she said, "Nobody would think I could so miss what I have not really had ; but I have seen that child sitting on every floor in the house. I miss her everywhere."

The Boston people tried to fill the place in various inappropriate ways, once sending the picture of twin boy babies, thinking "Mrs. Hawley might like to take them," but no satisfactory child was offered at once, and ere long, illness and changes prevented another active attempt to find one, until the death in 1885 of a widowed sister-in-law leaving four children. The youngest of these Harriet adopted.

Her life in Hartford in the new house is a chapter full of incidents of her work for others. She was interested in a charitable society there for fallen women as she was later in Washington, and she also helped establish an art students' class, and decorative art association; she herself was one of the pupils, developing a talent she had for painting, but to which she had never before had the time to pay any attention.

She always kept open the channels of communication between herself and a young girl, the daughter of drunken parents, whom she had taken under her charge before she was

married, and had taught her housework and sewing until the girl was able to support herself. This girl eventually married a decent man and led a comparatively happy and prosperous life.

Young people were always attracted to Harriet. Her sympathy with them was fine and keen, full of fun and full of comfort too.

Among her letters we have found some from girls who confided to her their love affairs for the sake of her advice and sympathy—letters that we did not read through ourselves, because we felt that we were intruding on their privacy with her. One young friend called her "Dame Durden," because of a resemblance between her and Dickens' Esther Summerson in *Bleak House*.

In setting forth this many-sided character, in giving the gay, sweet, part of her intercourse with others, the strong side is not to be forgotten. She was walking on Main street, in Hartford, one day when she saw a policeman forcing a very drunken woman along the street toward the police station. The woman

was struggling, disheveled, swearing and screaming, making a spectacle of herself sickening to the beholder. Harriet went up and spoke to her, laid her hand on her, saying, "If you will go along quietly I will go with you." The woman consented and walked the rest of the way by Harriet's side. But when she was sent to her cell she again became furious, threatened to strip herself unless she was released, and began tearing off her clothes.

"No," said Harriet, steadily, "you will not do that. Remain here quietly and I will come to you to-morrow, when you are brought before the judge." As Harriet spoke she handed the woman a pin to fasten up her torn clothes. The small act supplemented the quiet words so practically, that the woman yielded, took the pin, used it on her rent dress and passed the night without more outbreaks. The next morning Harriet appeared at the police court and promised to find the woman a place in the country where she could make an effort to reform, if the judge would remit

the sentence she deserved. The judge did so and Harriet sent her to the place as she had promised, and the influences were so good there that the woman lived for a year a decent respectable life. Then she fell again and once more was drunk. Harriet helped her up once more, and then the woman reformed—kept her promise and lived a new life for the rest of the time that was left her on earth.

It was characteristic of Harriet to say nothing about this matter at the time to us of her household. When the message came to tell her the case was to come up in court in an hour, we wanted to know what a policeman was coming after her for.

General Hawley was elected Representative to Congress in 1872. Mrs. Hawley went with him to Washington. During her first winter there she was an invalid, the next winter she was in better health, and when he was re-elected she was well again, although always delicate from the severe accident before spoken of which befell her at Petersburg. She began life again, she always said, after she recovered

from the years of invalidism which that inflicted upon her.

General Hawley spent the greater part of two years in Philadelphia, in his duties as President of the Centennial Exposition held there in 1876.

Mrs. Hawley went with him appreciating the situation both in its social aspects, as well as the broader part, namely, the re-United States, both northern and southern celebrating the patriotism of their Revolutionary forefathers. She took French lessons and revived her old studies in the language in order to be able to talk to Foreign Commissioners who came there to represent their respective countries.

"I may take the language now practically," she said, "not so theoretically as when I was sixteen and they set me to reading *Telemaque*."

She was well most of the time during the summer of the exposition, and went with the General to many of the receptions and parties given in honor of the strangers there. She

was expected to call on the Empress of Brazil who was there with the Emperor.

“One must put on one’s best clothes and yet one must be arrayed in a republic simplicity. How lucky that good manners are the same everywhere. You change your skies but not your breeding. That is the same always.”

She afterward said, “The Empress was as unpretending as one could ask. She drew the line—she was neither condescending or over-friendly. You would not find it hard to have an empress on your list of callers.”

In Washington she interested herself first in the people immediately around her. The boarding house where they lived was kept by a gentleman and his wife, who were of good Virginia families. Mr. Corse had been a wealthy merchant in Alexandria, but lost his money by the war, and with his wife and family of charming daughters kept a boarding house in the now unfashionable part of the town, C street, which was then on the decline, but had very old handsome houses.

The friendliness and good will of Mrs. Hawley showing itself in various helpful ways endeared her to the family.

It was during the summer she spent at a quiet Virginia country house near Hampton that she received a severe injury to her knee, which resulted in what is called synovitis. She got better after long and careful nursing, but she was obliged to use crutches at intervals for years after that. The knee would resent the slightest fatigue or sympathize with any ailment in any other part of the body.

She went on however with her work. The second winter in Washington she was again well enough to do "full work," as she said, She was made one of the directors of the Garfield Hospital among other things.

She was able to go into society a little, feeling as she said, much the same pleasure at a party as a girl who is going to her first gaieties of that sort. Besides her work as one of the board of directors at the Garfield Hospital, later, she was much interested in

the welfare of a House of Refuge for fallen women. She was also made the first President of the Washington branch of the Woman's National Indian Association, having done much to give the society a start. She held this position until her death. In this capacity she became a warm friend of Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who has since done so much among the Indians as an allotting agent. A friend speaks of the impression she made upon him, at the meeting of the Indian Commissioners in Washington. "Mrs. Hawley was called upon to say something about the work of her society and the needs she had found among the Indians. She stood up, slight and delicate, and leaning on crutches, with a look of great sweetness in her face and of great strength singularly intermingled. I do not remember the words she used, but I was struck by the whole effect of what she said. She sustained so well what I had read in her face. There was no waste of words, but great straightforwardness and simplicity, with a proper knowledge of the point she

wished to bring before us. Two or three spoke afterwards as being impressed just as I was by her manner and by what she said." With all this care for others, she had the charge of her husband's pensioners—old soldiers who appealed to him for help in getting a pension or a place in some of the departments. It was her business to ascertain as far as possible, how deserving these requests were and with his approval to forward them as much as possible. It necessitated her writing often as many as fifteen letters a day, and she had two letter books especially for that purpose, in which she kept the dates and records as a reference book. How busy her mornings were can be imagined; she said laughingly she had come to hate people who made her morning calls. She had no time for them. By the afternoon she was ready to make and receive visits, and she liked evening parties because she had been shut away from them so long. Her evenings had been those of an invalid for several years, and she was tired of them and of dressing-gowns. "A pretty

party dress and party slippers made an agreeable change ; besides that, it is pleasant to visit one after another with people you know and like and have a little chat with them." General Hawley served two consecutive terms as Representative, and in 1881 was elected Senator from Connecticut. This widened her circle of acquaintances still more, and increased the number of her invitations to gay scenes. It became necessary for her to give up a good many things, because she had not the strength for them all.

"I shall treat myself," she said, "as a person who can dip into society as much or as little as I please. I can go in to my eyelids sometimes, and then not more than to the ankles." Her head had been hurt, but not her brain. Her brightness in ordinary life was great. Some of the things she said in those days were clever enough to be jotted down at the time.

Speaking of a young lady friend, Harriet said, "She has gone up stairs to giggle with a two-girl power."

Another time—"You'll melt," said her husband, seeing her lie down on the sofa and draw a heavy fur robe over her. "I'd like to," said she, "and be run over into a prettier shape."

Another time, she looked at me in the course of some conversation we were having, and said with her eyes sparkling with laughter, "If you don't believe what I say, I will knock you down."

"What a truly Southern argument for a Northerner to use," I replied.

"Of course. Would you have me sectional in my methods," she retorted.

"You are like Webster," said I; "You know no North, no South; you only know your country. I like breadth in argument."

On another occasion she was deliciously impertinent to her husband. "Oh," said she, "You are saucy in proportion to the square of your ignorance on any subject."

She "received" as the wives of public men do in Washington on a certain day every week; while Mr. Hawley was a Representative it was Tuesdays; afterward it was Thursdays. On

these days she set a table in her back parlor with tea and cakes and wafers, and visitors were made to feel themselves welcome by this added touch of hospitality. She usually asked one or two ladies to help her, as there were often so many people calling that it was impossible for her to do more than welcome them as they came in. She also when her husband joined the Washington Literary Society entertained them, although they were living in a boarding house at the time, and she had to make as many especial arrangements, and it was as much care as if she had been keeping house herself. Mrs. McElroy, the sister of President Arthur came to the White House to preside during the social season, and she and Harriet made a pleasant acquaintance. Mrs. McElroy wished to invite Mrs. Hawley to receive with her at the Saturday afternoon receptions given to the public at the White House during a month or two of the winter. She feared to do so, however, after seeing Harriet using crutches. She said something about it to Harriet, who

answered, "Oh, I should like to come, do not fear to ask me. You don't know perhaps that I am goose enough to stand on one foot." The invitation was given and Harriet went. I asked her afterward what she did.

"I stood up as long as I could and then I went and sat down. We all had relays ready to take our places. I quite enjoyed it."

In the spring of 1885, the widow of her brother, C. Spencer Foote, died leaving four children. The youngest, Margaret Spencer Foote, was not quite four years old. Harriet and her husband having no children, adopted her. Both became devoted to the child from that moment.

The next winter in Washington she said to me, "I don't care now to do anything, but stay with that little creature. I must go out a little, but I do not really care for it as I did. I should like to stay at home and plan her little gowns, and watch her little walk in life and see her develop."

The child was very sweet and of a loving disposition, and with less of the reticence in

expressing her feelings than one often sees in a person of English descent. Harriet enjoyed this freedom of speech in the child with the accompaniment of caresses inexpressibly.

She had a minute table and chair in the parlor for the child, and on Mrs. Hawley's reception days, with her two favorite dolls in her hands she was much noticed by visitors. I remember seeing General Logan and Senator Platt bend their great forms to bring themselves nearer the pretty little midget and her receiving their attention with serenity and perfect baby dignity.

But all this was to come to an end. Harriet had two or three attacks of a throat trouble which weakened her a great deal, and while in this weak state she was seized with pneumonia which took a severe form and on the evening of March 3d, 1885, she died, the illness lasting less than a week.

The Thursday that would have been her reception day was that of her funeral. Many of the wives of the Senators did not receive that day on this account, and the Senate ad-

journed to permit the brother Senators of General Hawley to attend her funeral.

She was taken to Hartford, Connecticut, to to be buried, and in memory of the work she had done among soldiers, a flag lay across the foot of her coffin, the Grand Army Post attended the services and the flags were set at half mast on the State House and the Arsenal. The soldiers of the Seventh Regiment afterward placed a tablet to her memory on the walls of the Congregational Church on Asylum avenue, whose pastor, the Rev. J. H. Twichell, had himself been a chaplain during the war. They always mark her grave in the cemetery with a little flag and flowers just as they do those of the other soldiers, when preparing for the celebration of Decoration Day.

After the tablet was put up, people passing the church one day were asked earnestly by a man who was walking with one crutch and a cane, how he could get into the church. "I want," he explained, "to see the tablet they have put up to Mrs. Hawley. If it hadn't

been for her, like as not I shouldn't have been here."

Some one was curious enough to ask why, and he said: "I was in Andersonville. That don't need no explanation. One day we heard that there was a hundred of us to be exchanged. You can't think, because you wasn't there yourself, how we felt about it and how we gathered round the Confed., when he came in to read out the names. There was only a hundred names and it seemed as if my ears would crack off listenin' for mine and not hearin' it. It got down to ninety-six, to ninety-eight, and I began to feel mine wasn't there when he read the name of a man I knew who had died only a few days before. The name was like mine, and the real man was dead. I saw my chance before he had got through callin' that name and I stepped forward and stood among them that was to go. No objections was made tho' I was shakin' from head to foot you'd better believe for fear they would. Well, we was taken up to Wilmington, and there it all come out.

Our officers didn't know what to do. I allow they would not want to send a man back to that hell, but Mrs. Hawley heard of it and she did somethin' I never knew quite what, I guess because I was so 'fraid I should have to go back—anyhow she got a letter from somebody and our officers said it was all right, and I was sent North into the white man's country on the first boat. I hain't never forgot it. She was tormentin' good to me, and I want to see the monument they have put up to her. Me and my wife have come from Milford a-purpose."

H. W. H.

MARCH 3, 1886.

Give her the soldier's rite !  
She fought the hardest fight :  
Not in the storm of battle,  
Where the drum's exultant rattle,  
The onset's maddening yell,  
The scream of shot and shell,  
And the trumpet's clangor soaring  
Over the cannon's roaring,  
Thrilled every vein with fire,  
And combat's mad desire ;  
She fought her fight alone,  
To the sound of dying groan ;  
The sob of failing breath,  
The reveille of death ;  
She faced the last of foes,  
The worst of mortal woes ;  
The solitude of dying,  
The hearts for kindred crying ;  
By the soldier's lonely bed,  
In the midnight dark and dread,  
'Mid the wounded and the dead,

With life-blood pouring red,  
The cries of woe and fear,  
Rending the watcher's ear,  
The hovering wings of death,  
Fluttered by dying breath,  
There was her truthful eye,

Her smile's sweet bravery,  
Her strong word to impart  
Peace to the fainting heart.

Give her the soldier's rite !  
Let the old Seventh wave  
Their flag above her grave ;  
Let the deep minute gun  
Tell of her battle done ;  
Lo ! on the other bank,  
Comes down a serried rank,  
The souls she comforted,  
The army of the dead ;  
For her salute and shout :  
Their victory is our rout.  
Give her the soldier's rite !  
Honor her sleep to-night,  
For now she ranks us all.  
Weave laurels for her pall,  
And fold above her bier  
The flag she held so dear ;  
For another fight is won,  
Another soldier gone  
Through the night, to the light  
—And another left alone ;  
God of battles ; help us all !

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Mr. Twitchell's address at Mrs. Hawley's funeral, in Hartford.

What more rich and precious gift of God, than the gift of a good woman! I think we can all testify that for nothing in this world have we had occasion to be more grateful. And that gratitude is renewed in our hearts to-day.

For we are here come to the burial of one in presence of whose form still in death, and in memory of whose life, we can think of nothing so much, as of what a good woman she was!

We ought to chasten our words in speaking the praise either of the living or the dead. Yet in the tumult of our love and sorrow this one thought rises above all, and will be uttered—what a good woman she was! And that is the thought in every one of the many, many hearts, that in this hour are turned to this place.

How true she was, how gentle, how modest, how sincere and earnest, how friendly in every look and word, and act! How clothed in the sweetest grace and dignity of womanhood! How wholly faithful in every relation of life! How sympathetic and tender toward all alike—the high and the lowly. The law

of kindness was in her tongue. How full she was of all helpfulness! How unselfish and brave! How thoughtful for others, how willing to serve them!

How great-minded, and great-hearted, and royal-natured! How did all the noblest, highest loyalties and affections abound in her, and shine out of her! Of what fine and high enthusiasm was she possessed!

She loved much. She loved her friends; she loved her country; she loved every right and just cause. The cry of the poor and needy came into her ears. How much she made room for in her generous soul!

No one ever went into her presence that he did not experience in some way the influence of her pure heart; or left her presence without being made aware that the best that was in him, had been touched and quickened by her. And she has been a great benefactor. That sweet voice now stilled has calmed how many a trouble; her smile has chased away many a care and many an evil thought; that cold hand has wiped away many tears. She has been an inspiration to everything that was good and true and pure.

Thank God for her! Thank God for the precious memory of her! To a great many it is one of the most dear and cherished treasures of their lives, to be so reckoned as long as life shall last. Would that our daughters might be like her!

I see here a large number of young women. May I be permitted to say to them that here, in the light

of the thought that rules this hour, of the honors of the life we now remember, they may see what the true crown and glory of womanhood is.

It is in goodness, in womanly purity and truth, in the pitiful heart, and ministering hand, in unselfish devotion to life's highest ends, in Christian piety—may the lesson of this hour be written in your deepest hearts, to stay with you forever.

As she lived she died. In the strength of the faith by which she had lived she was strong and fearless and brave to the end. She departed in peace and in hope, with blessings on her lips. As she could say with "Standfast" in the great Christian allegory: "I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too." So what is said of him could be said of her, when her feet touched the brink of Jordan. "There was a great calm at that time in the river."

Again as "Standfast" said, "I see myself now at the end of my journey. My toilsome days are ended—I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns and that face which was spit upon for me." So could she. Or, in her own words, when she was reminded of the friends to whom she was going: "Yes, and I am going to the Best Friend."

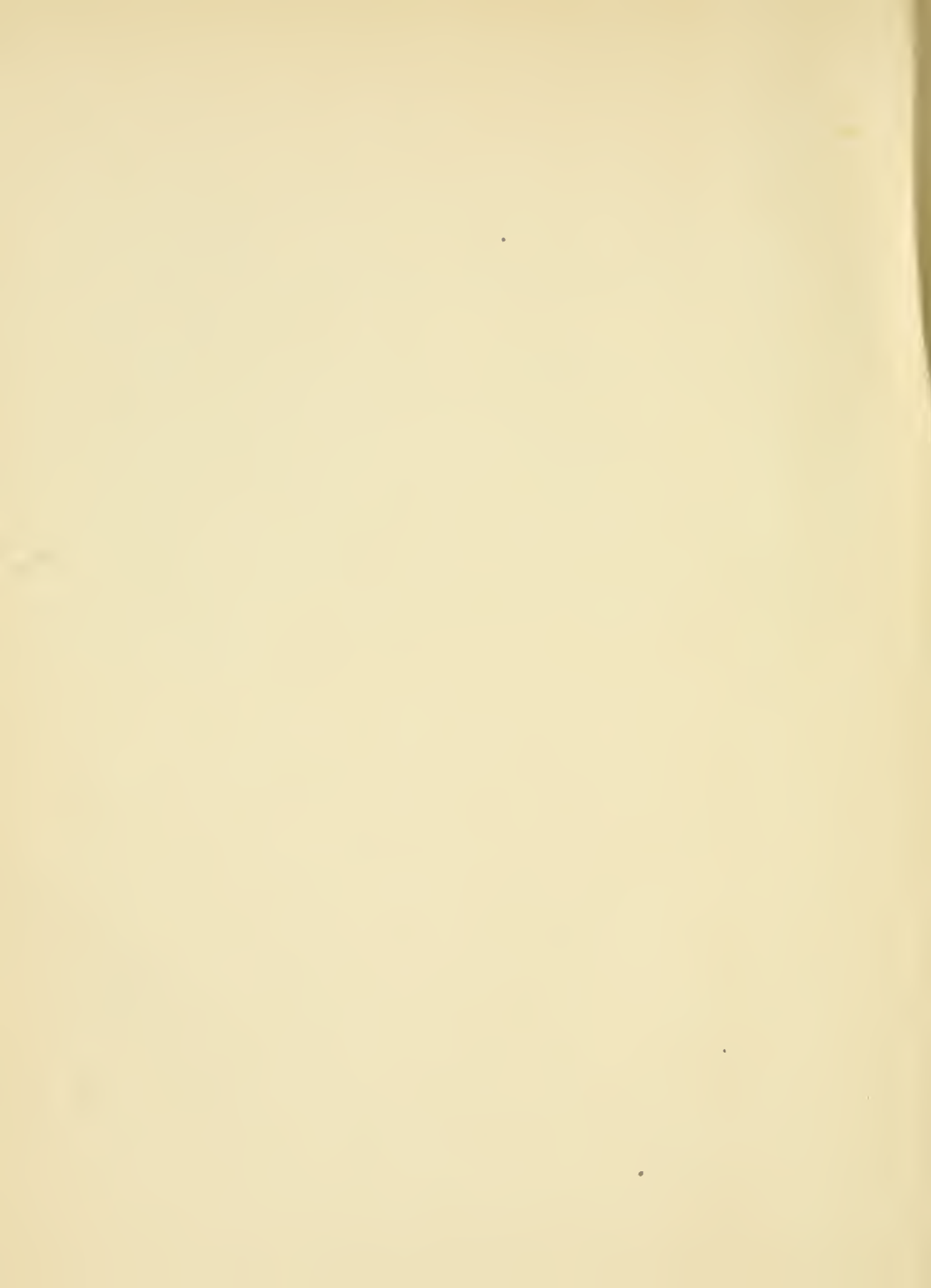
With that Best Friend we leave her, safe and secure in His keeping forever. She was ready for God's call

and what wonder, for many years ago she gave herself to him.

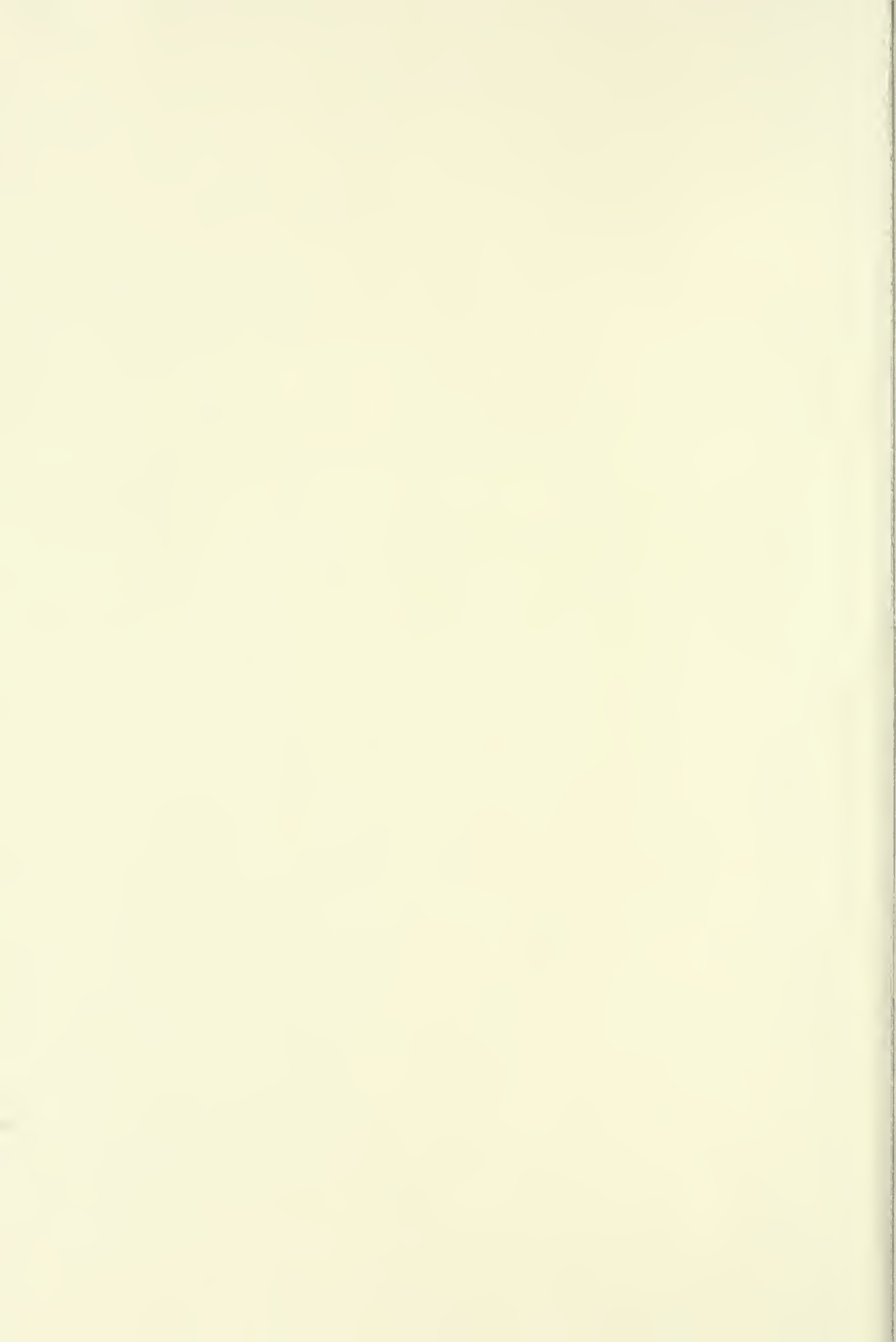
She leaves behind her here, love, gratitude and sorrow unspeakable, yet sorrow mixed with unspeakable comfort too.

When our beloved Lord was about to disappear from earth, He said to His friends: "Ye now therefore have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." And these words of sweetest consolation, with all the blessed things they certify us of, we commend to those who are in mourning here to day, thanking God with them and for them that their sorrow is so full of hope.















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